

[1]

THE  
Loyal Incendiary,  
OR THE  
GENEROUS BOUTEFIEU.  
A P O E M  
Occasioned by the Report of the OWNERS  
bravely setting Fire to the  
RYE HOUSE,  
AS THE  
KING came from *NEWMARKET*

I.

A Sleep the Owner of that ill built Pile,  
That Gothick Heap, (on which *Vitruvius* ne're did Smile,)  
(For what but deeply Barbarous can we call  
The place from whence confusion was to fall  
On *Cæsar* on his Brother on us all.)  
A Sleep, or in a Trance the Owner lay;  
When Straight his Guardian Genius to him said  
(Those oft attend, in Circles round the Bed)  
Awake, and in dull Slumber spend thou not this glorious Day  
A day in Fates long roll, for thee design'd  
Awake, awake, I say,  
And to my Dictates, bend thy mind.

II.

The Ray that struck, and from his Genius came,  
Was an Elixar from the brightest Flame.  
He saw 't, and wak'd, and op't his sparkling Eyes.  
Rowling now in Rapsodies,

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The Salamander in his hottest Glance,  
 Could not a Melting Beam more gloriously advance,  
 What Means, says he, this Fever thou hast given,  
 As if by passing Hell, we came to Heaven?  
 What means the Flame, thou'st thrown into my Breast?  
 The Guardian Genius spake, and Told the Rest.  
 Art thou so much a stranger in our Land,  
 (I cannot *Israel* the Island call,  
 Though we sometimes had Chiefs were Rebels Tall,  
 That in design were high, and did as Lowly Fall,  
 As e're did *Abtaloms* in War,  
 Or proud *Achitophels* that at the Bar,  
 Still dangerously meddling are.)  
 Art thou so much a Stranger, yet I say  
 Thou know'st not when that Kings are on their way?  
 Kings move not in a common Road;  
 Their Motion, or their still Abode  
 To know, we Ephemerides must have,  
 And pay our Duty Round,  
 And *Jo Pean* Sound,  
 When e're the Glorious Light does Rise  
 I th' East;  
 Or Beautifie the West  
 As a Rich Evening Sacrifice;  
 Evening to us, To them a Morning Bright:  
 For Kings have never an Eclipsed Light.

IV.

The King great *Charles* our *Cæsar* moves,  
 And Blessings scatters, as he goes along,  
 Along the Spacious Road; While from the Woods and Groves,  
 Vertue, and blooming Joyes, about him Throng.  
 Do you your Joy too Show,  
 Do you your Mite bestow,  
 And let a quick, Brisk, Nimble Flame lay all yon Structure Low.  
 Yon Elated, and ignoble Pile,  
 The Shame and Burden of the Glorious Isle.  
 Prevent the forked Thunders Dart,  
 And quicker Lightning, that may Start  
 From some big Bellied Clond; Let thine own Hand,  
 Let thine own Hand apply  
 The Flame, till towards the Skie  
 It like a Burning Meteor shows,  
 Denouncing Terroure as it goes,  
 To cry Scismatick, within the bounds of all the Land.

## V.

*Pan* has sprinkled all the Wood ;  
 E'ry Tendrel, e'ry Bud.  
 And a Large 'lustration made,  
 Through e'ry Grot, through e'ry Dale, through e'ry shade.  
 Where e're he thought those Trees might grow,  
 That Timber gave its Hall up to support,  
 From their Tall Tops, down to their Roots below.  
 The Rural Deities assist, and thank him for't.  
*Vulcan* too within his Round,  
 Through all the Concaves underground,  
 Through e'ry Mine, through e'ry Vein,  
 Throug'e'ry darksome Channel where he us'd to reign  
 A Purging Urn of Liquid Sulphur throws.  
 So to atone  
 For all the Glas, the Stone,  
 For all the Copper, Iron, and the Lead,  
 That does its Bottom prop, or Caps its Basal Head.

## VI.

Down, down then with that hated heap,  
 May the Flames pierce even to the Center Deep,  
 And Rouse *Demogorgan* that Lies,  
 Wrapt in Drowfie Lethargies,  
 And waken him from Sleep.  
 Nay further let them go,  
 Beyond the Axis Flow,  
 Till all the Spoted Earth be purg'd, to the *Antipodes* below.

## VII.

Thus spake the prompting Genius he  
 All extasie, surprise, accepts the Augury.  
 All Enflam'd, he nought but Fire  
 With hearty Wish does now desire.  
 Doubly so ; That in his Breast  
 A Vig'rous Zeal, the rest  
 He from its proper Element does now require :  
 Or should that Fail,  
 From Bright *Apollo's* Sphere  
 He'd gather it by Glasses here.  
 Or like *Prometheus*, Steal  
 His Fires from Heaven, and so  
 Burn it down, and purge it too.  
 Rob a Bright Vestals Altar ; And from thence  
 Heat, Ruine, Flame, Combustion dispencc.

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\* Gather the Burning Compositions lay,  
And did a Venom'd Heat convey.  
( Like glowing Embers ) in each Scorched Breast,  
Of that Sooty, black Cabal,  
Were once assembled in *Ryes* hated Hall;  
And would the World with Rage, with murder, Mutiny infect

VIII.

He Summons e'ry Wind;  
From e'ry point, he begs old *Æolus* to send  
A Strong, and vigorous blast.  
Old *Æolus* consents, and forth they rush in haste  
With Stormy gusts, that Penetrate as those  
The Sweating *Cyclop* blows,  
When *Vulcan* on the Forge, does some brisk Task impose.  
And strongly thus prepar'd,  
( Ere he the Fire to the Pile apply'd,  
Or put the burning Torches to its Side )  
He thus to Speak was heard.

IX.

No more shalt thou a Lurkin place e're be  
( For Man has nought to do with thee. )  
For the rough Satyr, or the Night,  
Enamour'd Owl, or speckled Serpents that in Dens delight:  
Or Ghost, or Wandring Beast, or ( worse then these )  
The Scarlet Murderer, whom Blood does please,  
And Traitour Dark, and the black Regicide  
No more thou now shalt hide  
In thy Deep Vaults below, or Chambers Wide.  
The *Lares* and *Penates*, heard the while;  
And every Household God,  
( That for long term of years, had there his dull abode, )  
Broke forth, and left it to the spoil.  
Around they mov'd, around they leapt,  
And many an antick tread they slept,  
Then towards new mansions took their sorrow'd. Way  
The Cat, the Rat, the Mouse forsook their Cells.  
Even the Cricket, that in Fire dwells,  
Would now no longer Stay.  
Nor would the *Salamander* bear,  
The heats, like to be there,  
Where all the Harbours of Rebellious Vice  
Through this hot Fire Shall fall,  
( From the Hut low, unto the *Turret* Tall )  
As unto *Molech*, a Rich Sacrifice.

And

And may the Rest of all such Dark abodes  
Meet the like Fate :  
Until the flames in Triumph Sate,  
And the whole Island lookt, like the bright Isle of *Rhodes*

## X.

The Torches now are light,  
And his brave Arm is stretcht out to the utmost Height!  
Aloft, a Low, above beneath it goes :  
And Round about it flame, and round it Fire bellows  
And Round about the Dismal place.  
The fatal Element it flows.  
It runs a Lofly, and a Glorious Race.  
'Twas a Dark Den of Thieves before,  
It now Looks like a Glorious Sun;  
While in the Elemental Star,  
The Traitors all, like *Macule* appear,  
That here their Treason hatch'd, and dire Designs begun.

## XI.

The flames were black, and as they Mounted high,  
They parted Still, when Towing towards the Sky  
Denouncing the Divisions practiced there.  
They cannot twist, but moving Jar  
Like other Flame, they Joyn not in one point,  
One Pyramid; but each from t' others Rent :  
And in their Motion fright their Native Element  
For Heaven did yet such Fires never know.  
But all the compositions here,  
( Whatever first they were )  
Were at last tinctur'd, from deep Hell below.

## XII.

Heart how they crackle, how they Roar !  
How they Mount, and how they Soar !  
And now the Buttresses give way,  
And now the Massy Beams decay,  
And now that Mural Angle falls.  
Now the remaining Walls ;  
And nothing but a Globe of flame is seen,  
As a burning extract bright,  
Amazing with its Light,  
No Sign 'twas e're a house or ought but flame't had bin,  
An Old Original Fire,  
Born and Bred a Meteor,  
And many a *Salamander* hatch, beneath a Funerall Pire.

C

And

## XIII.

And now farewell thou hated Mansion.  
 But hold! 'tis not the House alone,  
 The outcircling Wall, and utmost hedge must down  
 Fill up the Moat  
 ( Says the Brave Owner of the spot )  
 Were it as Large  
 As is *Lemanus* Lake, Ide bear the charge.  
 Root up the accursed Hedge,  
 That adjoyus to its foul Sedge.  
 And from it Slime, does Verdure take.  
 ( That baneful Hedge from whence their cursed aim they were to  
 Root e'ry plant were all the Trees (make  
 Within its Circle *Hamadryades*,  
 And each should give a Groan,  
 Like Mandrakes, in the pull Ide Spare not one,  
 Ide Spare it not, were it *Dodonahs* Grove.  
 Or *Daphne* growing there,  
 To Lawrel turn'd, when she for Fear  
 Flew from *Apollo's* Love.

## XIV.

Tear up the Surface where the Villains trod:  
 And Calcine e'ry Stone.  
 Tear all the Turfe, and each unhappy Clod,  
 That they have Stept upon.  
 The Ashes scatter that they yield.  
 Purge about the unhallow'd Field.  
 'Tis done, 'tis done; the Horses pass,  
 And without Snorting bite the Grass:  
 Each Beast does to his food repair;  
 And fresh again now Circulates the Air.  
 The gladdened Master briskly goes his round,  
 More gladdened now, then when at first, he'd Title to the ground  
 Wishes the Nation e're to live in peace, !  
 And with this flame, all dire Combustions cease.

S. P.

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 L O N D O N,

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